

*Well: Boothly*

*No 2*

St. Ignatius's Ghost,  
Appearing to the  
JESUITS;  
Upon The  
KING's  
Signing the ACT  
Against The  
GROWTH  
OF  
POPERY.  
A SATYR.

*By Adam Gordon*  
London, Printed for A. Baldwin. 1700.



St Ignace's Ghost

appearing to the

TESTIMONIES

Upon the

KING

Signifying the A.C.T.

And the

GROWTH

OF

POPEERY

A SATIRE.

London: Printed for A. Baldwin 1700.



# St. Ignatius's Ghost,

Appearing to the

## JESUITS;

Upon The

# KING'S

Signing the ACT, &c.

**S**AD News the Court of Belzebub Alarms,  
And make the Guards of Hell stand to their Arms;  
For Agents which into these Regions fly,  
The Course of Humane Actions to espy,  
Inform the King of Fates he'll be in Thrall,  
The main Supporters of his Throne do Fall  
Since new Enacted Laws make you to fly  
The chiefest place which Harbours Heresy;

Therefore



~~Therefore~~ Ambassador, I'm to you sent,  
The Downfal of my Master to prevent.

Who I thought could baffle Death and Hell,  
And durst like them against a GOD Rebel)

From rocky Dangers into Coverts fly ?

It is a Shame to my Society !

What Planet Envy's us ? We lose o'r Fame,

And shall be Branded with Eternal Shame.

You Jesuits, and dare not prop o'r Cause,

For fear of Suffering by *English* Laws ?

No Blood of Roman Courage fills those Veins,

Which dare not rush through Prisons, Halters, Chains,

The Race of *Hereticks* to Extirpate,

And think it Glory if you meet your Fate.

O ! what a Glorious Sight was it to see,

Poor *Massianello* frighten Majesty,

And *John* of *Leyden* be a King declar'd ;

Shall we by such mean Fellows be out-dar'd ?

The very Offals, Rubbish of Mankind,

By-casts of Fortune ; it disturbs my Mind !

If you will have your Names look Great, and swell

Big in the Rolls of Fame, and Lists of Hell,

You must be Daring, Resolute, and Bold,

By Blood the *Sea-Apostolick* uphold.

When you the Sword have altogether Sway'd,

You've Careless been, a sorry Harvest made ;

Witness,



Witness, when *Mary* roll'd her Orb in Flames,  
 Which strove for Lustre with the Sun's bright Beams ;  
 But too too little was the waving Blaze,  
 To dimn the brightness of his Golden Rays :  
 Her Courage for her Highness was too Mean ;  
 The Off'ring was too much beneath a Queen :  
 She flag'd in Fear, and buckled to Delay,  
 Her Martyr'd Sum for Faggots did not Pay :  
 The Twelve-score Number tantaliz'd my Thirst,  
 To greater Draughts of Blood I then did Trust.  
 A Massacre ? It Merits not the Name,  
 The tim'rous Act's to Me, and *Rome* a Shame !  
 Had I rul'd *Hereticks* but half her Years,  
 Their Bones, for want of room, had reacht the Spheres ;  
 The Flames in *Smithfield*, like the Eternal Fire  
 The *Persians* used, never should Expire,  
 Till some great Change upon the State had came,  
 As Signal to put out the sacred Flame :  
 If She a Name Immortal strove to Gain,  
 Her Robes She should have Dy'd in deeper Grain,  
 A Scarlet much exceeding *Pilate's* Deed,  
 Who made his G O D (to please the Rabble) Bleed.  
 If you true *Jesuits* intend to be,  
 You must in Mischiefs strive to equal Me ;  
 Under my Banner Revel in such Crimes,  
 Which being Chronicled to after times,  
 Posterity Unborn may think them feign'd ;  
 And then the Fame you've lost will be regain'd :



Loath Scraps of Sin, in Sinning never lag;  
 But through un pity'ng Rage your Fury drag;  
 Gird Thoughts with Feuds, and shew your hot Desire  
 Doth [ *Salamander* like ] reside in Fire.

The *Powder-Plot*, ( that greatest Strain of Wit )  
 Which *English* Calendars will ne'er forget,  
 A brave Design it was, I ca'nt but own,  
 Because the aim was at a *Lollard's* Crown;  
 But may the spiteful Star which rul'd that Night,  
 And brought a Plot so finely wrought to Light,  
 Ne'er shine again; be banished the Sky;  
 And in Oblivion for ever lye:

Ah! Heaven I suppose did dread the Blow,  
 For fear the next had been their Overthrow;  
 Nay, had Success but crown'd that high Intent,  
*Gamer*, and I had storm'd their Element.  
 If *Jesuits* Launch out in Tyranny,  
 Do Deeds becoming that great Soul, and Me;  
 To all the Vices of the World be given,  
 And scorn a Friendship to Contract with Heaven:  
 Base Murders, Falshood, Treasons, Perjury,  
 Deceit, Injustice, and Hypocrisie  
 The *Clymax* are, by which you must ascend  
 To Grand'ur; with these Weapons Hell defend.

Those Civil Wars which Right did overcome,  
 And brought a King to suffer Martyrdome,



I must acknowledge they were by you made,  
 By dressing up y<sup>r</sup> Plots in *Maquerade*;  
 O ! had you, when those Tumults tore the State,  
 Attempted to have met the threatening Fate,  
 Perhaps they might have snatcht from both the Realm,  
 And brought the *Pope* once more to sit at Helm;  
 In Blood have drowned that infecting Breed,  
 Which from apostate *Monks* did first proceed :  
 But Fear, or squeemish Conscience did deprive  
 Them of that Rage by which great Actions thrive,  
 Which Scare-Crows should be chased from the Mind,  
 Because repugnant to great Sins design'd ;  
 Had *Alexander* boggl'd at his Trade,  
 Or in the least a tim'rous Scruple made,  
 Of spoiling Crowns, on which his Conquests leapt,  
 For scarcity of Worlds he had not Wept.  
 The *Romish* Ethicks teach you better things,  
 It's lawful to Depose, or Murder Kings,  
 The Doctrine's *Orthodox*, and *Catholick*,  
 Therefore in Hæsities you need not stick ;  
 The *Tenets*, *Topicks*; all those sacred Rules  
 You learn at *Doway*, and *St. Omer's* Schools,  
 Do teach you to be Brave in what you act,  
 And raise y<sup>r</sup> Glory by a crimson Fact,  
 By Crimes which may infernal Hosts affright,  
 And startle Heaven at your Sanguine Sight.

By



By Fury, Brimstone, and the Porph'ry Chair!  
 That Act which seem'd to Fire all the Air,  
 Might be compared to a Deed of mine,  
 Tho' ineffect'al to the main Design ;  
 But yet it made the King of Hell to Smile,  
 To see *Augusta* made a Fun'ral-Pile ;  
 O Sacred Blaze ! Had it's surprizing Light  
 But lit o'r Foes to Everlasting Night,  
 The Deed o'r Church had made a *Sacrament* ;  
 Yet do I consecrate the brave Intent.

Again I own in that same Monarch's time,  
 Whose vast Profuseness deem'd it not a Crime,  
 With helpless Orphans Money to maintain  
*Nell Gwyn*, and others, Scandals to his Reign,  
 Some nobly Acted ; but a Curse on *Oats* !  
 Or else base Souls had broke through bleeding Throats  
 To Guard a King, whose Royal Ghost had been  
 The first great Off'ring for his Country's Sin ;  
 Whole Hecatombs of Martyrs then had fell,  
 A Sacrifice to *Popery* and *Hell*.

But now I'm trac'd to such a Path of time,  
 That I must needs upbraid you with a Crime,  
 It was your fault that Fortune cross did run,  
 When She was pleas'd the Scale of Fate to turn ;  
 How faintly you did go about the Cause !  
 In taking off the Tests and Penal Laws,

And



And shewing something of dispensing Power,  
 By sending Stiff-neck Bishops to the Tower ;  
 All this for *Pope*, nor *Devil* nothing won,  
 Nor *Polton's* Arguing with *Tenison* ;  
 The greatest Wits of *Rome* must not pretend,  
 By Scripture, Law, or Reason to defend  
 A Church, that Grounds her Faith upon a Lie,  
 She must maintained be by Cruelty.  
 So long as you'd the great Apostle's Sword,  
 You ought not to have scuffled with the Word,  
 The Bibles (Pillars to their Paper Creed)  
 You should have Burn'd, made their Admirers Bleed,  
 Those Books the *Vatican* should be expell'd,  
 For they too long have *Heresy* upheld.  
 Unking-like Mercy marr'd the hallow'd time,  
 And *Peter's* Bungling added to the Crime,  
 He Privy-Councillor ! and did no more ?  
 Curst Memory ! let Cowards it adore.  
 Had I been here when *Charles* had chang'd his State,  
 From that blest Min'te fresh Glory I would date ;  
 I'd seal'd the sacred Cause with Blood, and Wounds,  
 Alarum'd *Rome* with dying Martyrs Sounds ;  
 My Noble Rage had made her to believe,  
 Her greatness from their Ashes I'd retrieve.  
 I'd deckt the House of Death with bloody Scenes,  
 As strangling ravish'd Maids not in the Teens ;  
 So great had been my Spleen, I should deflour,  
 Virgins which Lifeless lay, besmear'd with Gore ;



Laugh'd at young Infants springing from the Womb  
 To meet their Mothers in a flaming Tomb ;  
 Vomited Flame upon the reeking Stage,  
 Without respect to Greatness, Sex, or Age,  
 Upon their Altars quencht the Heat of Lust,  
 And laid their Churches even with the Dust ;  
 To see my Rage <sup>sh</sup> would pity<sup>g</sup>ng Heaven Weep,  
 Yet in the Road of Malice I shall keep :  
 I'd bravely sanctify'd Saint George's Day,  
 The Cross by that time should have borne the Sway,  
 Since from his Throne a King was tumbled down,  
 James should have swam thro' Blood to catch his Crown.

You, *Janizaries* of the Sulph'rous Lake !  
 And let y'r Order's Honour lye at stake ?  
 You, *Firebrands* and *Engineers* of Hell !  
 No, from the high Preferment you have fell,  
 Y'ur Cowardice makes you Degenerate  
 From me y'ur *Founder*, who Quells Hell, and Fate,  
 Heed not the *Sorbonists* Theology.  
 It's Politicks must buoy Popery ;  
 O'r League with Blood Cement, in Fury rake,  
 'Tween Good and Bad no Criticisnes make ;  
 They're but the dull Conceits of idle Brains,  
 A true-bred Villain, God and Man Disdains.  
 If in a *Plot* you are Unfortunate,  
 And must y'ur Exit at a *Gallows* Date,

Nothing



( II )

Nothing out of inglorious Fear confess,  
That's prejudicial to his *Holiness*;  
Seal up y'ur dying Speeches with a Lie,  
Yet God, and Angels call to Testify  
Y'ur Innocence, to hide the Villany.

A *Baulk* in Plots must urge you to engage  
The next pitch'd Battle with a greater Rage;  
You ( who are taught to Spurn at Sovereignty,  
And those profounder Rules of Villany )

If one *Plot*'s crush'd, from Plotting must not cease,  
Like frightful *Hydra*'s Heads they must increase ;  
If you with Crimson would Great *Brittain* stain,  
With Crimes as black as Hell, tempt Fate again,  
Tempt her so often with some Hell-bred Deed,  
That from y'ur Boldness begging to be freed,  
She yields to let y'ur fell Designs succeed.

Through Furies, Devils, Blood, and Slaughter ride,  
To raise y'ur Mother to her former Pride ;  
Great Souls for mean Employments were not born,  
Therefore th'Impiety of Fortune scorn ;  
And if in y'ur Intrigues you can't succeed  
Hell yet will take the good Will for the Deed.

To *Jesuits* the King of Spirits bows,  
Wherefore y'ur Souls to Villany espouse,  
To begging *Fryars*, *Prelates*, nor Pope *Joan*  
( Who left an Issue for the Papal Throne )

Find



Find no Respect ; we only they adore ;  
 Because it's we maintain the *Scarlet Whore* ;  
 To serve Her, from no *Mischief* have we shrunk,  
 With Blood of Holy Saints we've made her Drunk,  
 6.1.1 / From our Rife, to busy *Godfrey's* Death,  
 With Gore we've almost stop't the Harlots Breath,  
 The Inquisition Butchers we out-brave,  
 In murd'ring *Hugonets* we feed the Grave,  
 Ah ! if we could but kill their Souls as well  
 As Bodies, we should quickly People Hell.  
 O ! to o'r Glory be it, all the Gore  
 With which we have made Fat the *Gallick* Shore,  
 The *Belgick* Coasts in barb'rous *Alva's* time,  
 And when Rage reign'd in the *Hybernian* Clime,  
 Had it but to one solid Mount congeal'd,  
 It had been high enough for us to've scal'd  
 The *Lofts* of Heav'n ; the universal Flood  
 Rain'd not more Water, than we've Rained Blood.  
 Were but your tim'rous Hearts like mine, I dare  
 Attempt to set upon the Prince of Air :  
 In deeper Plots than what the *Conclave* hatch,  
 The great *Divan* of Hell I can out-match,  
 Therefore when Time's no more, by Plotting-art,  
 His Government I'll study to subvert ;  
 And if we fail, by force of Arms I'll try  
 To ruin, or usurp his Monarchy,  
 Thus *Loyola* durst Venture. ....



If *Miss'onary* Crews who rove the Earth,  
 To give some great Design a Noble Birth,  
 The *Sophy*, great *Mogul*, and *Prefter John*  
 Could but Convert, the look'd for Work is done;  
 With aid from them these Kingdoms of the *North*  
 I'd Crush to pieces, lead their Monarchs forth  
 As *Tamberlain* his Captive in a Cage;  
 I'd make them feel the Plagues of *Romish* rage,  
 The worst of all Outrages. — —

You, as a Tribe which do in Sin excell,  
 Stand now for ever Registred in Hell;  
 There's Honour for you, will you lose this Fame,  
 Ye dastard Wretches for a Coward's Name?  
 No surely, through Seditions, Treasons wade,  
 Make Factions, Massacres your common Trade;  
 O let a *Jesuitick* Rage inspire!  
 To torture *Protestants* with Sword and Fire.  
 Track Crowns through jelly'd Gore, lead Majesty  
 In Chains, and hang their Realms with *Anarchy*.  
 Knives, Faggots, Shackles, O those tort'ring Names!  
 Set my ætherial Substance all in Flames,  
 To use them, O I wish me Man again!  
 What baleful Streams of Blood my Hands should drain,  
 For, one day, ripping Royal Hearts I dare  
 The Pains of all the fallen Angels bear.



Undaunted Mutineers of Treachery,  
 Spit in the Face of Crowned Majesty ;  
 Although a *Roman*, if he will not yield  
 To have what you desire be repeal'd,  
 Think what you are, then for the sake of me  
 Translate the Sov'raign from Mortality :  
 With thund'ring Bulls keep Crowned Heads in awe,  
 And make, what you think fit, to be a Law.  
 Subjects, for murdering their Kings, absolve,  
 Plagues yet unknown on *Hereticks* involve :  
*Geneva* Storm ; the Drunken *Danes* Invade ;  
 Stab *Swedes* ; and let the *Dutch* o'r Slaves be made ;  
 Do this, and then right *Jesuits* you be,  
 Maugre the Shams of Heaven ! follow me.  
 My peerless Courage for a Sample take,  
 And then the World you may to pieces shake.

But hold, brave *Desperadoes*, I'm too rash,  
 In one thing my command is somewhat harsh,  
 In bidding you to Venture (for o'r Cause)  
 To Kingdoms which torment with guelding Laws,  
 That's worse than Death to rob you of those Tools,  
 With which you act as *Onan* in your Schools.  
 The Nueneries *Seraglio's* you make ;  
 Say Mass by Piece-meals for a Harlot's sake ;  
 Which I commend you for, and when you burn,  
 For want of *Nuns*, let others serve your turn :

Ah !



Ah! I when Human<sup>d</sup> felt the am'rous Flame,  
 All Females kiss'd which to Confession came.  
 To Chastity you Swear, that's but a tye  
 From Wedlock, not from Whoring privately ;  
 The Church allows you Strumpets, but a Wife  
 Shun as a Bug-bear to a happy Life.  
 So for the present (Hectors) let alone  
 The State of *Sweden*, and the *Danish* Throne,  
 And push Plots forwards in those Countries, where  
 You are but only stifled in the Air,  
 If unsuccessful ; that is better than  
 To go where they do *Jesuits* unman,

Endeavour to bring *England* to o'r force,  
 Then other Realms will come to us by course ;  
 Through winged quickness Plotting some times hits,  
 So nimbly screw the Engines of your Wits,  
 And deepest Thoughts up to the very height  
 Of Envy, Malice, Fury, Rage, and Spight,  
 To curb this Isle, which now hath made such Laws  
 Which may prove dang'rous to the *Romish* Cause.  
 Although the threefold S E N A T E do agree  
 To stop the Noble *Growth* of P O P E R Y,  
 On such Foundations aim to lay the Land,  
 That *Reformation* shall triumphant stand ;  
 Yet at their Acts you must not be dismay'd,  
 Fear humane Laws, and not of G O D afraid ?



It is a Paradox to Hell, and Me !  
 By flighting both unfold the Mystery.  
 So now's the Time or Never that you must  
 No longer let this Island run in Trust,  
 Her Peter-Pence she does forget to pay,  
 And Triple Crown she's bent to disobey.

O ! rescue *England* from those wicked Hands,  
 That *Monast'ries* dissolve, and *Abby* Lands ;  
 The Laws as yet do hurt but in Estate,  
 Or Life ; this will not *Pop'ry* extirpate ;  
 d/ So quickly rent the Realm in twain, for fear  
 The Damn'd *Castrating* Law should come up here,  
 Which if it should, the fatal Work is done ;  
 To save y'ur *Stones*, you'll all from *England* run :  
 But praying no such *Bills* may ever pass,  
 And that y'ur Plots will here establish *Mafs*,  
 I bid you all Farewell, I must return  
 To Hell where Ghosts on Rocks of Fire burn.

F I N I S.



